

# The Diverting Post.

From Saturday May 5. to Saturday May 12. 1705.

## The Presbyterian's Litany.

**F**ROM Popish Bishops, High-flying Peers,  
From Surplices and Common-Prayers,  
From Organs tooting in our Ears;  
Libera nos, &c.

From all Hot-headed Perkenites,  
The very Spawn of Jesuits,  
Who'd fain deprive us of our Rites;  
Libera nos, &c.

From Magistrates, Military and Civil,  
Who wou'd for Good repay us Evil,  
From the Pope, a Tacker, and the Devil;  
Libera nos, &c.

From those destroyers of the Nation,  
Whose Souls, disdaining Moderation,  
Wou'd send us head-long to Damnation;  
Libera nos, &c.

Grant Heav'n, we may those Monsters tame,  
Who do at our Destruction aim,  
Ours, their Queen's, and Country's, bane;  
Audi nos, &c.

Grant, Anna long may wear the Crown,  
And then we doubt not but She'll own  
The Cloak more faithful than the Gown;  
Audi nos, &c.

## To the Countess of S—— Shooting. By Mr. F——y.

**T**OO far (My Fair) your Conquests  
you pursue,  
And learn those Arts our Sex should only know:  
Mankind had worn your Fetters long before,  
Now hardly any thing escapes your Pow'r;  
Your dreadful Engines murder from afar,  
And scatter swift Destruction thro' the Air.  
The nimblest Birds you easily command,  
And bring them Gasping to your skilful Hand:  
So true your Judgment, and so good your Eye;  
The Stroke's as sure as that of Destiny:  
Flight, and Resistance, equally are vain,  
Inevitable Death flies hid in Rapid Flame.  
So Brave, so Fierce, you in the Field appear,  
Your Boldest Lovers all consent to fear.  
Like you would look the Beauteous Queen of  
Love,  
If in the absence of Almighty Jove,

She shou'd but grasp his loud Artillery,  
And launch Red Thunder thro' the Vaulted  
Sky.

Your Victory is now become compleat,  
And as your Beauty, so your Triumph's great;  
Your Captives now your Chains can ne'er evade,  
Your Arms secure the Slaves your Eyes have  
made.

## To Merena.

### I.

**F**IXT on your Cælestial Face,  
Merena, so divinely Clear,  
I see in that transparent Glafs  
Your Beauteous Soul appear:  
The Blushing Goddess of the Morn lefs bright,  
Pierces the Silver Clouds with Purple Light.

### II.

In that lovely Form reveal'd,  
More lovely Beauties shine;  
A fairer Image lies conceal'd  
Within so fair a shrine:  
In that pure Veil you shroud your purer Beams,  
And Beauty but the shade of Vertue seems.

Marry for Beauty. In Answer to  
Marry for Money: In Numb. 27.  
By E. E.

**T**HE Man who only Weds for sordid Gain,  
Trucks Golden Liberty for endless Pain.  
Ambitious, Scornful, Env'ous, and Morose,  
Are the due Epithets t' a Wealthy Spouse;  
With Irsom Jars she wracks his calm repose,  
Nor Night, nor Day, Rest to the Wretch allows:  
But he that Weds for Beauty's dazzling Charms,  
Still clasps a Heav'n of Bliss within his Arms:  
The Happy Moments swiftly pass away,  
Each Night fresh Pleasure brings, new Joys  
each Day.

## Secret Love.

**H**OW pleasant is Love,  
When forbid or unknown?  
Was my Passion approv'd,  
It would quickly begone:

It adds to the Charms,  
When we steal the Delight :  
Why should Love be expos'd,  
Since himself has no Sight ?

In some Silvan Shade  
Let me sigh for my Swain,  
Where none but an Echo  
Will speak on't again.

Thus silent and soft,  
I'll pass my time on :  
And when I grow weary,  
I'll make my Love known.

### The Complaint.

**H**appy those Swains in days of yore,  
When ev'ry Nymph went loosely drest;  
When only Skins flung lightly o'er,  
Or some such easy Garb they wore,  
Which never did Love's Joys molest.  
But such a Dress, degenerate We  
Can never but in Pictures see ;  
For ev'ry Nymph wears now a-days,  
So many Pettycoats and Pins,  
Girdles, and other such delays,  
The Pleasure, while the Lover stays,  
Is vanish'd, e'er the Sport begins.

Spoke Extempore over a Can of Flip,  
By Mr. S. J.

**C**esar the infant unarm'd Gauls subdu'd,  
Nassaw their growing Pow'r long with-  
stood,  
But Marlbro' conquer'd what they Neither  
cou'd !

From Theocritus.

**W**hen first, with grief and anger swell'd,  
Fair Cytherea's Eyes beheld  
Adonis, her lov'd Boy, just slain,  
And lying breathless on the Plain ;  
She issu'd out a strict Command  
To all her little winged Band,  
To seek, to find, and bring to her  
Adonis's tusk Murtherer.  
Swift as her words, th' obsequious Loves,  
With wings and feet scour'd thro' the Groves ;  
At last the blood-stain'd Boar they found,  
And him they seiz'd, and him they bound :  
One clapp'd about his neck a Thong,  
And drag'd the guilty Beast along ;  
Another struck him with his Bow  
Behind, to make him faster go :  
Whil'st sensible of what h'ad done,  
The tim'rous Brute mov'd slowly on,

Fearing Love's-Queen, who thus express'd  
Her anger to th' approaching Beast :  
' Most Savage Tenant of the Grove !  
' Didst Thou assault my charming Love ?  
' Didst Thou thus wound a Thigh so fair ?  
' Didst thou of life deprive my Dear ?  
The Boar reply'd, ' Great Queen, I swear  
' By thy fair Self, and by thy Dear,  
' By these my shackles ; by those Loves,  
' Who brought me from my darling Groves,  
' I, wretched I, had no design  
' To hurt that lovely Youth of thine :  
' He seem'd, when first he met mine Eye,  
' A piece of breathing Imag'ry,  
' And set my raging breast on fire,  
' With an unquenchable desire  
' Of kissing that fair naked Thigh,  
' From whence sprung all my misery.  
' Take, drag these out, Fair Deity !  
' Let these a just atonement be :  
' For why should I be troubled with  
' Unnecessary loving Teeth ?  
' Or if that Punishment's too small,  
' Take, Goddess, take these Jaws and all.  
But Pity working in her Breast;  
And pleading for the suppliant Beast,  
The melting Deity commands  
Her winged Loves to loose his bands.  
From thence he was of Venus's train,  
Nor ever sought the Groves again ;  
But, coming to a long'd-for Fire,  
He burn'd his Teeth, extinguish'd his Desire.

**X** Upon a Scold.

**E**ternal Fury ! hold thy cursed Tongue,  
So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long ;  
That neither Husband, Neighbour, Friend nor  
Foe,  
Can be at ease, when e're they hear it go ;  
Dread Thunder is a much less frightful Noise,  
Drums, Guns, and Bells, are Musick to thy  
Voice ;  
The Pill'ry, which the perjur'd Villain fears,  
Cannot be half so uneasy to the Ears :  
Nor is the aching Head's vexatious Pain,  
Half so tormenting to a sickly Brain.  
Then Heaven defend and keep my Ears secure  
From the sad Plague which none but Death can  
cure.

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